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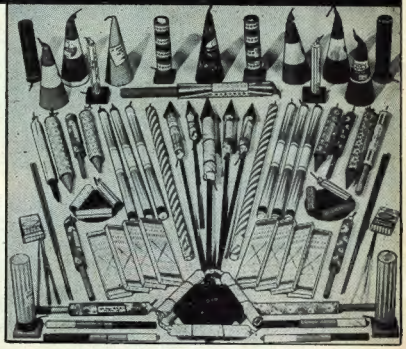

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THE MARINES STRIKE BACK

PFC. JOE PINELLI

SGT. JOE WICSOWSKI

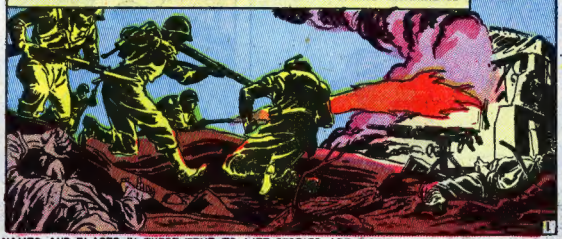
CORP. JOE HOFFMAN

PVT. JOE ADAMS

THE BACKS OF THE U.N. FORCES IN KOREA WERE TO THE WALL! DRIVEN BACK BY THE SAVAGE THRUSTS OF THE RED ARMIES, THEY HAD RETREATED FROM THE YALU RIVER! NOW THE FATE OF A WORLD HINGED ON VICTORY OR DEFEAT! THEN... THE WORD WENT OUT... "***LET THE MARINES DO IT!***"... AND THE HEROES OF GUAM AND WAKE ISLAND WERE ON THE MARCH AGAIN! THIS IS THEIR STORY AND THE STORY OF... "***FOUR GUYS NAMED JOE!***"

A-544

WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN MARCH, 1951? WORKING, MAYBE? POLISHING UP YOUR FAMILY CAR? HELPING WITH THE SPRING CLEANING? IT ALL DEPENDS ON WHO YOU ARE, DOESN'T IT? FOR INSTANCE, IF YOU WERE ATTACHED TO GEN. MATT RIDGWAY'S COMMAND IN KOREA, YOU WERE DOING SOME VERY SPECIAL TYPE OF SPRING CLEANING...



ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THESE TRUE-TO-LIFE STORIES ARE FICTITIOUS
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THESE STORIES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

IF YOU WERE HERE YOU WERE DOING YOUR DOGGONEST TO PROTECT THE PRECIOUS FEET OF GROUND GAINED BY YOUR BATTLE AND THE BLOOD OF THOSE WHO DIED BESIDE YOU!

KARUMP

AND STILL THE GOING WAS ROUGH! VERY ROUGH! THE REDS KEPT COMING, HORDES OF THEM! WAVE AFTER WAVE!

AND YOU WERE TIRED...EVERY MUSCLE WAS WEAK AND ABOUT TO COLLAPSE! YOU HAD A HARD JOB KEEPING YOUR EYES OPEN...

AND AS YOU FOUGHT AND PRAYED FOR REST AND SLEEP...

ZI-N-G

IT FINALLY CAME...

YES, IT ALL DEPENDS ON WHO YOU WERE! IF YOU WERE ONE OF THOSE WHO WAS STILL ALIVE, YOU KEPT ON FIGHTING! THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE TO DO!

IT KEPT ON AND ON, UNTIL YOU WERE SURE THAT THIS WAS AS IT ALWAYS HAD BEEN...AND AS IT ALWAYS WOULD BE... FOREVER AND FOREVER!

WHUMPH

RAT-TA-TATATATAT

LET'S CONTINUE THIS LITTLE GAME OF "WHO ARE YOU?" THAT WE'RE PLAYING! FOR EXAMPLE, IF YOU WERE ONE OF THE BRASS IN KOREA, YOU HAD YOUR SHARE OF TROUBLE TOO!

HOWZIT, COLONEL?

BAD, SIR! VERY BAD!

WHAT'S THE STORY?

WE'RE TAKING A HECKUVA BEATING, THAT'S WHAT! WE'RE GETTING KICKED AROUND NO END! WE CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER!

GET ME TOKYO!

YESSIR!

AND IF YOU WERE ATTACHED TO A DESK JOB IN TOKYO AND TOOK THE GENERAL'S MESSAGE, YOU RELAYED IT TO WASHINGTON...

WE NEED THEM BAD, MR. SECRETARY! THEY'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO CAN DO THE JOB!

ALL RIGHT! YOU SHALL HAVE THEM!

PHIL UNGAR

THE OFFICES OF THE PENTAGON BUZZED INTO ACTIVITY! RED TAPE WAS SLASHED MERCILESSLY! A JOB HAD TO BE DONE! AND THE WORD WENT OUT TO ALL CORNERS OF THE LAND...

NEWS

MARINE RESERVES RECALLED TO SERVICE

MARINES RECALLED!

EXTRA! CALL OUT THE MARINES!

NOW, LET'S PRETEND YOUR NAME IS JOE PINELLI! IF THAT'S YOUR NAME, THEN YOU'RE A FAMOUS BALL PLAYER, KNOWN THE WHOLE COUNTRY OVER AS THE STAR OF YOUR GENERATION!

CRACK

BUT YOU'VE GOT YOUR TROUBLES TOO, AS YOU HUDDLE WITH YOUR OWNERS...

BUT I WANT A $10,000 RAISE, MR. GRANDE! I HAD A GOOD YEAR IN 1950, AND I DESERVE IT!

NO DICE, JOE! IT'S $5,000 OR NOTHING! THINK IT OVER FOR A WEEK AND LET ME KNOW!

BUT YOU'VE ALREADY MADE UP YOUR MIND! YOU NEED THAT RAISE BADLY! YOU HAVEN'T GOT TOO MUCH MORE TO GO, ESPECIALLY AFTER LOSING THREE YEARS IN THE MARINE CORPS DURING WORLD WAR II!

I'LL LET YOU KNOW RIGHT NOW!

OH! BY THE WAY, JOE, THIS CAME FOR YOU...

WELL...THIS SETTLES IT FOR SURE! I'M NOT PLAYING FOR YOU THIS SEASON!

WHAT IS IT? AN OFFER FROM ANOTHER CLUB? WE WON'T SELL YOU, JOE! WE...

IT'S ANOTHER CLUB, ALL RIGHT, AND YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT! IT'S THE *U.S. MARINES!*

IF YOUR NAME IS JOE ADAMS, YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF A LUCKY GUY! WITH YOUR G.I. LOAN YOU FINALLY FULFILLED THE DREAM OF YOUR LIFE! YOU BOUGHT THAT LITTLE FARM IN GEORGIA YOU'D ALWAYS THOUGHT ABOUT...
THERE SHE IS, NANNY! ALL MINE! A HUNDRED GREEN, BEAUTIFUL ACRES! JES' A COUPLA YEARS HARD WORK AND AH'LL MAKE IT PAY REAL GOOD, TOO! AIN'T IT PURTY, NANNY?
YOU SENT TO THE GOVERNMENT AGRICULTURE OFFICE FOR SOME LITERATURE ON HOW TO FARM YOUR LAND AND EVERY DAY YOU DROVE INTO TOWN TO THE POST-OFFICE TO SEE IF IT CAME YET...
HOW'S IT COMIN', JOE?
PURTY GOOD! AS SOON AS THEM FARMIN' BOOKS COME IN, AH'LL BE ALL SET!
THIS MUST BE IT, JOE! IT'S FROM WASHINGTON, OKAY!
LENNY, IF THEM FARMIN' BOOKS COME, SAVE 'EM FOR ME, WILL YA?
WHY, SHO', JOE! BUT WHERE'LL YOU ALL BE, SON?
BACK WITH THE GYRENES! SEE YA ALL AROUND!
WELL, I'LL BE! GOOD LUCK, SON!
NOW LET'S MOVE UP NORTH A-WAYS... UP TO NEW YORK AND BROADWAY... AND AN AGENT'S OFFICE...
BUT, SWEETIE PIE... YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME! YOU'D BREAK UP OUR ACT!
TOO BAD, JOE! WHY DON'T YOU ASK THAT RED-HEAD YOU MAKE EYES AT?
OH, HONEY, SHE DOESN'T MEAN A THING TO ME... NOT A THING! IT'S YOU I'M CRAZY ABOUT! COME BACK WITH ME, DOLLY, AND WE'LL KNOCK 'EM DEAD! AND WE'LL GET MARRIED AFTER WE FINISH THIS TOUR, HUH?
OH, JOE! JOE! IF I THOUGHT YOU REALLY MEANT THAT! GOSH, LIFE WOULD BE ALL PEACHES AND CREAM! NOW, READ THE LETTER THAT CAME FOR YOU, DARLING!
JOE! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
EVERYTHING'S OFF, BABY... THE TOUR... THE WEDDING... EVERYTHING! I'M BOOKED SOLID... DOING A SOLO... FOR UNCLE SAM!
4

WAIT A MINUTE...WE'RE NOT THROUGH YET! THERE'S STILL ANOTHER JOE TO LOOK IN ON...
BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO, WICSOWSKI? WHAT EXPERIENCE HAVE YOU HAD?
NUTHIN'!... EXCEPT FIGHTIN' WITH THE MARINES FOR FIVE YEARS!
SORRY! THERE'S NOTHING HERE FOR YOU! KEEP TRYING AND GOOD LUCK!
YEAH... THANKS!
NOW YOUR NAME IS JOE WICSOWSKI AND YOU'RE A BITTER, ANGRY GUY!
NUTHIN'! THAT'S ALL THEY SAY... NUTHIN'! NUTHIN' LEFT FOR ME EXCEPT THE 52-20 CLUB... AND THEY'LL KICK ME OUTA THAT PRETTY SOON!
LETTER FOR YOU, JOE... ON THE TABLE!
YA-HOOOO!
JOE! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
THIS, MOM! THIS! I'M BEIN' CALLED BACK INTO THE MARINES! AT LAST I'M GOIN' BACK TO SOMETHING I KNOW HOW TO DO! YAHOO! AIN'T IT WONDERFUL NOW? AIN'T IT!
YES... JOE... WONDERFUL!
SO THE LONG ARM OF OFFICIALDOM REACHED OUT AND PLUCKED FOUR MEN FROM THEIR EVERYDAY WORLD AND PLUNGED THEM BACK INTO THE WHIRL OF LIFE IN THE U.S. MARINE CORPS!
FOUR GUYS NAMED JOE... FOUR LEATHERNECKS... CALLED UPON FROM THE DESPERATION OF A BAD SITUATION IN A FAR-OFF LAND!

EACH WITH YOUR DREAMS, YOUR HOPES! THEY ALL HAVE TO BE LAID ASIDE NOW, WHILE YOU GO THROUGH ANOTHER BUSINESS... THAT OF BEING RE-TRAINED TO FIGHT FOR THE LEATHERNECKS!

YOU'RE IN THE GYRENES, BOY! THIS IS NO PLAY! C'MON, SOCK IT! HARD!

AND YOU KNOW THAT THE MARINES ARE THE TOUGHEST, ROUGHEST, FIGHTING MEN IN ALL THE WORLD! YOU KNOW THAT THERE IS NO ROOM HERE FOR THE CHAFF! SOME MAKE IT... OTHERS DON'T!

YUH JUST CAN'T MAKE IT, SON! YA BETTER TRANSFER TO SUMTHIN' EASY... LIKE THE ARMY!

YEAH... GUESS I BETTER!

BUT YOU MAKE IT ALL RIGHT! NONE OF YOU HAS GROWN SOFT DURING THE YEARS OF CIVILIAN LIFE!

OKAY, YA LUCKY SLOBS! YOU'RE MARINES AGAIN! LOOK ALIVE HERE!

THE BASEBALL UNIFORM WAS LAID ASIDE... SO WAS THE FARMER'S OVERALLS, THE HOOFER'S FLASHY SUIT... AND THE DRAB CLOTHES OF A GUY OUT OF WORK...

NEXT STOP... KOREA! ENJOY YOUR STAY, LEATHERNECKS!

OH, BUSHWAH, SAILOR!

SO YOU'RE PINELLI, THE BALLPLAYER, HUH? WHAT'S THE MATTER? DIDN'T YA HAVE ENOUGH PULL TO STAY OUTA THIS RHUBARB?

GO SOAK YOUR HEAD, HOOFER! THE WORST DAY OF MY LIFE WAS WHEN I WAS TEAMED UP WITH YOU!

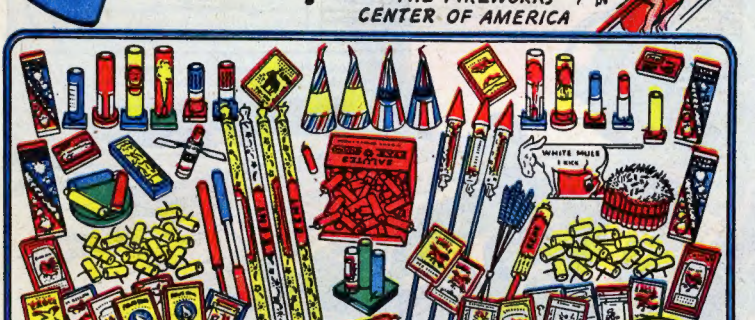
SHUDDUP, YOU MOPES! LET'S HAVE NONE OF THIS HERE SPATTIN'!

G'WAN! YOU-ALL COULDN'T GET A JOB PUSHIN'A BROOM, AND JUST 'CAUSE YOU-ALL RATES STRIPES, YO TRIES TO PUSH US AROUND!

STOW IT! LOOK AHEAD!

YES, LOOK AHEAD, JOES! THERE'S WHERE YOUR FUTURE LIES... OR YOUR ENDING! THERE... WHERE THE SKIES LIGHT UP WITH THE GLOW OF BURNING VILLAGES! THERE... WHERE A LOW RUMBLE TELLS YOU THAT GUNS ARE ROARING IN THE DISTANCE! FORGET EVERYTHING ELSE! THIS IS WAR... AND YOU'RE IN IT!

TAKE A DEEP BREATH, FOUR GUYS NAMED JOE! YOU'RE HEADING FOR...



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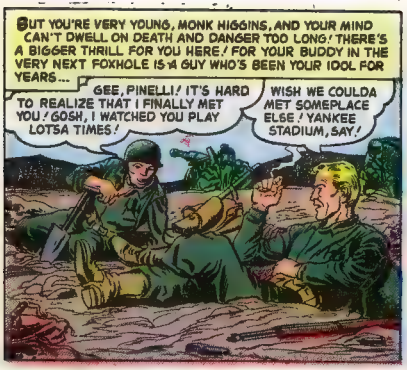
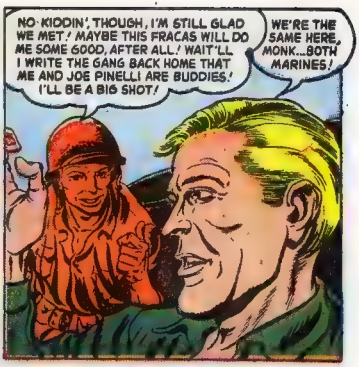
MISSION DANGER!
WELCOME TO THE 38TH PARALLEL! YOU CAN KEEP IT! U.S. MARINES
NOW THAT WE'VE MET THE CAST AND THE LOCALE OF "THE MARINES STRIKE BACK", LET'S GO A LITTLE FURTHER! YOU'RE WITH A DIVISION OF GYRENES, THE ROUGHEST, TOUGHEST FIGHTING MEN THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN! IT'S YOUR JOB NOW TO DO THE IMPOSSIBLE... TO CHANGE DEFEAT INTO VICTORY... TO TURN BACK THE CHINESE RED HORDES THAT ON APRIL 22, 1951 LAUNCHED THEIR BIG OFFENSIVE! READY? LATCH YOUR HAND GRENADES ONTO YOUR BELT, GET A GOOD GRIP ON YOUR GARAND... YOU'RE ON THE MOVE, SON! YOU'RE HEADING FOR... "MISSION-DANGER"!
A-546
YOU'RE JUST A FIGHTER... A WARRIOR! MAYBE YOU DON'T THINK OF THE WHYS OR WHEREFORES! BUT YOU KNOW THIS IS A MOMENTOUS TIME! AS YOU DIG INTO THE HARD SOIL, YOU KNOW THAT YOU ARE DIGGING A FOXHOLE AT THE 38TH PARALLEL...
MAYBE YOU KNOW THAT THE WELL-DRESSED OFFICIALS WHO RUN THE WAR FROM FAR-OFF DESKS HAVE CALLED YOUR ARRIVAL HERE THE "PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT"! MAYBE YOU KNOW... AND MAYBE YOU DON'T...
THE QUESTION THAT YOU'RE CONCERNED ABOUT IS..."WHAT WILL THE REDS DO?"

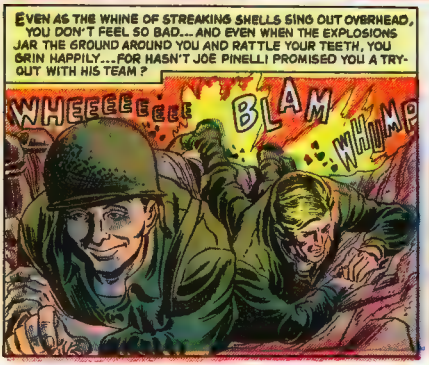

BUT YOU'RE VERY YOUNG, MONK HIGGINS, AND YOUR MIND CAN'T DWELL ON DEATH AND DANGER TOO LONG! THERE'S A BIGGER THRILL FOR YOU HERE! FOR YOUR BUDDY IN THE VERY NEXT FOXHOLE IS A GUY WHO'S BEEN YOUR IDOL FOR YEARS...
GEE, PINELLI! IT'S HARD TO REALIZE THAT I FINALLY MET YOU! GOSH, I WATCHED YOU PLAY LOTSA TIMES!
WISH WE COULDA MET SOMEPLACE ELSE! YANKEE STADIUM, SAY!


NO-KIDDIN', THOUGH, I'M STILL GLAD WE MET! MAYBE THIS FRACAS WILL DO ME SOME GOOD, AFTER ALL! WAIT'LL I WRITE THE GANG BACK HOME THAT ME AND JOE PINELLI ARE BUDDIES! I'LL BE A BIG SHOT!
WE'RE THE SAME HERE, MONK...BOTH MARINES!

MAYBE, JOE, MAYBE! BUT THIS WON'T LAST FOREVER! YOU'LL BE BACK PLAYING BALL AGAIN SOON! LISSEN, I'M A PRETTY GOOD BALLPLAYER MYSELF!
NO KIDDING!

HONEST! I GOTTA GOOD ARM! I CAN HIT...AND I'M FAST! HEY! HOW ABOUT GIVIN' ME A TRYOUT WITH THE TROJANS, HUH? CAN YOU FIX IT?
GUESS SO! ARE YOU REALLY GOOD, KID?

AM I? I'LL SHOW YA... HEY!
SOME OTHER TIME, KID! SOME OTHER TIME!


EVEN AS THE WHINE OF STREAKING SHELLS SING OUT OVERHEAD, YOU DON'T FEEL SO BAD... AND EVEN WHEN THE EXPLOSIONS JAR THE GROUND AROUND YOU AND RATTLE YOUR TEETH, YOU GRIN HAPPILY...FOR HASN'T JOE PINELLI PROMISED YOU A TRY-OUT WITH HIS TEAM?
WHEEEEEEEEE
BLAM
WHAMP

WHERE THE HECK DID THAT COME FROM?
RED GUNS ZEROED IN BY THEIR OBSERVERS IN THOSE HILLS, SIR! WANT US TO GO AFTER 'EM?

SNAP OUT OF IT, MONK! THIS IS MISSION DANGER! STOP THINKING ABOUT STARRING FOR THE TROJANS, BOY! LET'S MOVE!
ABOVE YOU THE SHELLS KEEP WHISTLING AS YOU FOLLOW TWO GUYS NAMED JOE! ONE IS YOUR SERGEANT... THE OTHER YOUR IDOL...
AND AHEAD OF YOU, IN THE GRAY KOREAN HILLS, ENEMY OBSERVERS, SUPPORTED BY MACHINE GUNS, SEE YOU COMING....
AND THEY OPEN UP!
HIT THE DIRT!
I'M HITTIN'! I'M HITTIN'!
BRADATATATATATATATATATA
LIKE SLIDIN' INTO SECOND, HUH, JOE? ONLY THIS TIME THE UMPIRE CALLED US SAFE, HUH?
YEAH... HOW ABOUT IT, SARGE?
ALL I GOTTA SAY IS I WISH I COULDA TAKEN SOME REAL MARINES WITH ME! YOU B'LONG ONNA BALLFIELD AN' MONK B'LONGS WATCHIN' YA!
ALL RIGHT! I DON'T LIKE YOU EITHER, BUT YOU'RE THE BOSS OF THIS TASSLE! WHAT D'YA WANT US TO DO AND HOW DO WE DO IT?
GRENADES! WE GOTTA THROW GRENADES! YA KNOW HOW? OR DON'T YA WANNA SPOIL YER ARM?
I CAN! LEMME SHOW YA, JOE! I'LL SHOW YA WHAT AN ARM I GOT! WATCH!
WHATTA YOU MEAN ...CAN!?
GRIT YOUR TEETH, MONK! PUT EVERYTHING INTO IT! MAKE IT STRAIGHT AND SURE! THIS IS YOUR TRYOUT! SHOW YOUR IDOL HOW GOOD YOU ARE, MONK!
ALL RIGHT! HEAVE IT!
3

WHUMP

HOWZAT, JOE? HOWZAT, HUH?
NICE GOIN', KID!

BUT HE DOESN'T LOOK TOO IMPRESSED, DOES HE, MONK? WELL, AFTER ALL, HE'S SEEN THE BEST! YOU HAVE TO IMPRESS HIM STILL MORE... BUT HOW, MONK?
C'MON! HEY ... HIT THE DIRT! ONE RED'S STILL ALIVE!
I'LL PICK HIM OFF, JOE! I GOT A GOOD EYE!

MISSED HIM, THE DIRTY...
HE'S GETTIN' AWAY! WE GOTTA STOP HIM BEFORE HE GETS BACK TO HIS LINES!

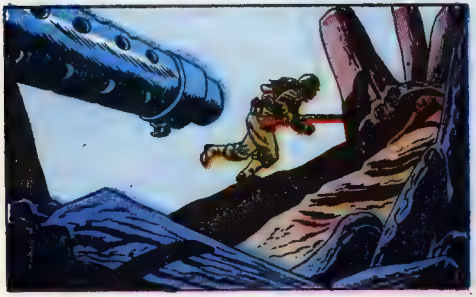
HE GOT AWAY...
NOT YET, JOE! I'LL GET HIM... I'M FAST! I'LL SHOW YA!

WATCH ME, JOE! WATCH HOW I CAN RUN...
MONK! COME BACK!

YA MISERABLE DOPE, THE HILLS ARE FULL OF SNIPERS! YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT! COME BACK!

MONK!

There was glory in your eyes, Monk Higgins; as you saw the packed stadium watch you as you thundered around the base paths! Your ears are filled with cheers of a hundred thousand throats!



But your body, Monk...what was that filled with?

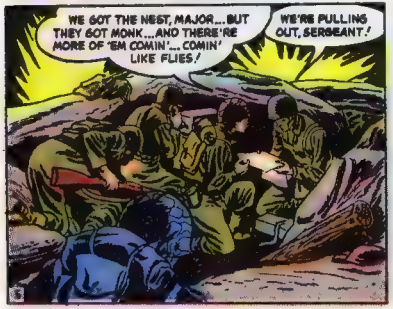
May your dreams go on forever and forever, Monk...

Pinelli took care of the machine gun that got you, Monk!

If Monk had to die, at least he died thinkin' he pleased the guy he thought was tops!

Yeah... yeah...

Mission Danger is over for some like you, Monk... but for others, it's just beginning...for the barrage that hit the 38th was only a warning of things to come!



And as you, Joe Pinelli, join the retreating marines that fight back against the oncoming reds, give a thought to a kid who wanted to be just like you...

But when men die...others rise to take their place and pick up the fallen rifles! For the battle cry of the leathernecks as they left the battered field of the 38th parallel was...***We'll be back!***

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4 DYNAMIC-ACTION BOOKS IN 1

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COLD STEEL!

THERE was no getting around it; Corporal Thomas Littlejohn was a strange duck. Not that he wasn't a friendly guy. Everybody in that Infantry outfit—from the lowest private to the Colonel, himself—would tell you that Corporal Littlejohn was the softest-spoken, friendliest, least-tempered, smilingest man around.

And he wasn't a coward, either. He wasn't over average height, but—as any man who'd ever gone into town on a pass with him could testify — he'd never backed out of a scrap in his life. And it didn't matter whether he was up against one big guy, or ten big ones. He'd dive in with both hands flailing, and win or lose, whoever had tackled him would know he'd been in a fight.

No, the thing about him that was unusual — well, here's the way he explained it once to his closest buddy, Private Hoskins.

"I'm afraid, Sam," he told Private Hoskins. "All night long, I lie in my bed. I can't sleep, because I know the nightmares I'll have if I do."

"But what's eating you, Tom?" Private Hoskins demanded. "What have you got to be afraid of? You're as tough as they come—"

"Oh, it isn't dying, so much, that I worry about. And I'm not afraid of being shot. It's—well, it's cold steel."

Private Hoskins looked surprised. "Cold steel? I don't understand."

Corporal Thomas Littlejohn sighed. "What I mean, is I'm afraid of knives, bayonets, or anything like that. And wars aren't all bullets or heavy artillery, you know. Once in a while, it becomes hand to hand fighting, with combat knives or bayonets, and that's what I can't bear to think about."

His friend was still confused. "But why, Tom?"

The two soldiers were standing at the rail of the transport ship that was taking their outfit to Korea. Corporal Thomas Littlejohn shrugged and turned his back to his friend.

"It goes back to when I was a kid," he said slowly. "My father was a butcher. One day, when I was about five years old, I sneaked into his shop when there was no one else around. That's when it happened."

"What happened?" Private Hoskins insisted.

"I started playing with his knives and cleavers. You know how kids are. Maybe I was playing butcher or something. I don't remember. Anyhow, first thing I knew, I'd cut myself in half a dozen places. I was bleeding like a stuck pig, and I was too scared to call for help."

Private Hoskins whistled. "Then what saved your life?"

"Oh, my father had to come back to the shop for something, luckily, and he found me in time. He got me to the hospital and they patched me up. After I recovered, he whaled the tar out of me, to teach me not to go near his knives again. He didn't have to do it. Ever since that day, all I have to do is look at a sharp steel instrument, and I get sick all over. I freeze."

He whirled and grabbed his friend's arm. "Don't you see what's eating me?" he demanded, hysteria in his voice. "If I

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE...

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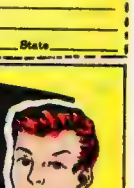

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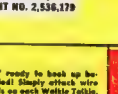

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...CONTINUED

ever get into hand to hand combat, and I see a knife or a bayonet in the other guy's fist—I'll freeze! And then he'll stick it into me, and I'll—I'll . . ."

A sob shook him and he couldn't go on.

Private Sam Hoskins put a consoling arm around his friend's shoulder. "Take it easy, fellah," he said. "Remember, you're not five years old, anymore. Maybe it's all in your imagination. I mean, maybe if you were in a real situation, you wouldn't freeze, after all. You just think you would."

Corporal Thomas Littlejohn straightened, squaring his shoulders.

"I—I wish I could think you were right, Sam," he said in a low voice, and went below.

Private Sam Hoskins stared after his friend for a long while, sadly shaking his head.

It was almost two months after that conversation on the transport. Corporal Littlejohn's outfit was in Korea, now, and they'd seen lots of action.

Corporal Thomas Littlejohn and Private Sam Hoskins huddled in a foxhole together, trying to crawl into the ground to avoid the shells screaming over their heads.

"What do you say, now?" Private Hoskins asked suddenly.

"About what?" his friend wanted to know.

"About your being a coward," Private Hoskins grinned. "You were so worried about it aboard the transport. Now you've pulled three citations for bravery and two medals. Still think you're yellow?"

Corporal Littlejohn shrugged, but he didn't grin back. They both flinched as a mass of red-hot shrapnel roared past their heads.

"I never said I was yellow," the corporal told his friend. "Just that I'd freeze if I was ever faced with cold steel. That hasn't happened yet, but the opportunity hasn't come up. When it—"

The voice of the lieutenant boomed out suddenly. "Enemy attacking in waves! Fix bayonets and prepare for hand to hand fighting!"

Private Sam Hoskins felt his friend's body stiffen beside him. But there was no time now for reassuring words. Snapping his bayonet into place, Private Hoskins leaped to his feet and prepared to meet the enemy. "Good luck, Tom!" he yelled over his shoulder.

Then the attack broke.

For a few moments, Private Sam Hoskins had no time to think of anything but defending himself. Suddenly, there was a break in the fighting, and he was aware of a familiar figure.

It was Corporal Thomas Littlejohn, covered with blood, waving a bloody bayonet, and grinning from ear to ear.

"You were right, Sam!" the corporal screamed. "I didn't freeze! I'm not a kid any more! I'm not afraid of cold steel! It can't hurt me now! Good luck, boy!"

Then the bloody fighting resumed, and the two men were swept apart.

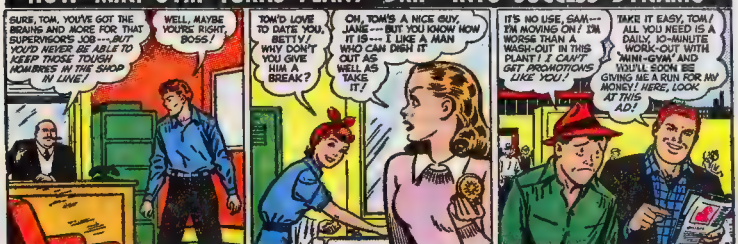
Private Sam Hoskins never remembered clearly what happened. But somehow, after what seemed like ages, the enemy retreated. The battle was over, and the weary, wounded American survivors began to troop in.

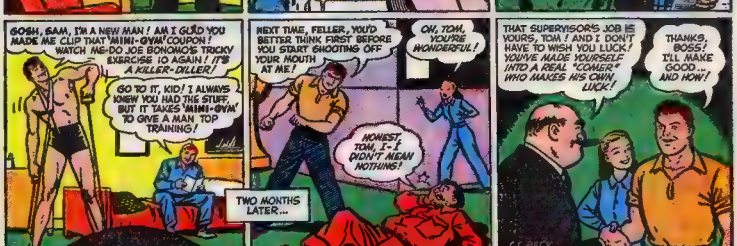
Private Hoskins waited, but his friend never showed up. Had he been killed by a bayonet, after all?

Then, two days later, the medics brought in Coropral Thomas Littlejohn's body. Cold steel hadn't touched him. But through his heart had gone a jagged piece of red-hot shrapnel.

THE END A-539

HOW 'MINI-GYM' TURNS PLANT "DRIP" INTO SUCCESS DYNAMO


SURE, TOM, YOU'VE GOT THE BRAINS AND MORE FOR THAT SUPERVISOR'S JOB---BUT YOU'D NEVER BE ABLE TO KEEP THOSE TOUGH HOMBRES IN THE SHOP IN LINE!
WELL, MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, BOSS!
TOM'D LOVE TO DATE YOU, BETTY! WHY DON'T YOU GIVE HIM A BREAK?
OH, TOM'S A NICE GUY, JANE--- BUT YOU KNOW HOW IT IS--- I LIKE A MAN WHO CAN DISH IT OUT AS WELL AS TAKE IT!
IT'S NO USE, SAM--- I'M MOVING ON! I'M WORSE THAN A WASH-OUT IN THIS PLANT! I CAN'T GET PROMOTIONS LIKE YOU!
TAKE IT EASY, TOM! ALL YOU NEED IS A DAILY, 10-MINUTE WORK-OUT WITH 'MINI-GYM' AND YOU'LL SOON BE GIVING ME A RUN FOR MY MONEY! HERE, LOOK AT THIS AD!


GOSH, SAM, I'M A NEW MAN! AM I GLAD YOU MADE ME CLIP THAT 'MINI-GYM' COUPON! WATCH ME DO JOE BONOMO'S TRICKY EXERCISE TO AGAIN! IT'S A KILLER-DILLER!
GO TO IT, KID! I ALWAYS KNEW YOU HAD THE STUFF, BUT IT TAKES 'MINI-GYM' TO GIVE A MAN TOP TRAINING!
TWO MONTHS LATER...
NEXT TIME, FELLER, YOU'D BETTER THINK FIRST BEFORE YOU START SHOOTING OFF YOUR MOUTH AT ME!
OH, TOM, YOU'RE WONDERFUL!
HONEST, TOM, I--I DIDN'T MEAN NOTHING!
THAT SUPERVISOR'S JOB IS YOURS, TOM! AND I DON'T HAVE TO WISH YOU LUCK! YOU'VE MADE YOURSELF INTO A REAL "COMER" WHO MAKES HIS OWN LUCK!
THANKS, BOSS! I'LL MAKE GOOD... AND HOW!
C C BECK

AMBITIOUS MEN OF ALL AGES!

TO GET WHAT YOU WANT OUT OF LIFE GET FIT WITH JOE BONOMO'S MAGIC DE-LUXE 'MINI-GYM'!

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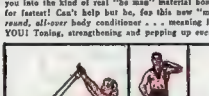
Man alive, you haven't really lived 'til you get your eager hands (Yes, and feet, too) into Joe Bonomo's fun-packed exerciser, the unique, new 'MINI-GYM'! Even though you hated exercise before, with superb 'MINI-GYM' and Joe Bonomo's big, new *personal* instruction book . . . you'll eat it up! Find yourself having real fun . . . and loving it!

See How Fast 'MINI-GYM' Helps Get You Into A-1 Shape!

You bet, almost before you know it, a daily 10 minutes with 'MINI-GYM' builds you into the kind of real "he man" material bosses want most . . . and girls go for fastest! Can't help but be, for this new "miracle" 'MINI-GYM' is an *all-round, all-over* body conditioner . . . meaning it does a 100% job of building YOU! Toning, strengthening and pepping up *every* muscle in your *whole* body!



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Thirteen or 30, 18 or 80, once you see 'MINI GYM', you can't wait to try it! Why? Because 'MINI-GYM' adapts *instantly* to the exercise needs . . . and thrills . . . of *any* age and *all* physical conditions from the weakest to the strongest!

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Yes, it means just that! Order your 'MINI-GYM' today. Then test it in every way possible . . . exercise with it and enjoy it for 10 exciting days. If you are not satisfied in *every* way . . . in fact, delighted . . . just return 'MINI-GYM', and your money will be *instantly* refunded! Fair enough, isn't it?

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RUSH ME one complete 'MINI-GYM', MODEL ....., with 64-page Joe Bonomo Course Book. I will deposit $3.95, plus postage, with postman. If I am not satisfied in *every* way, I may return 'MINI-GYM' and Book within 10 days for full refund. ☐ I enclose $3.95. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.

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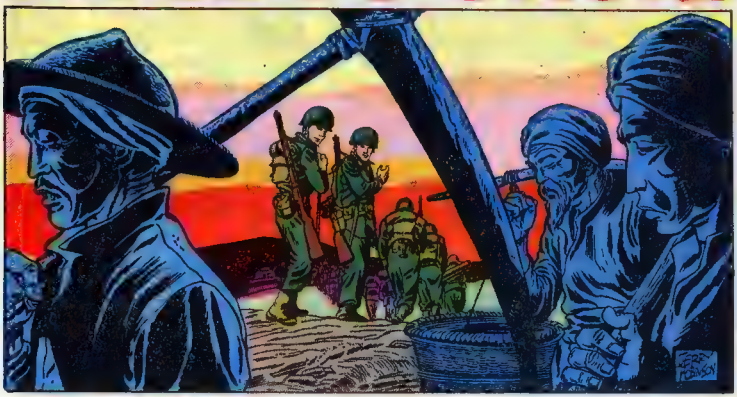
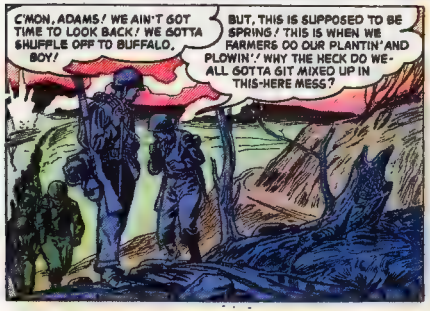
MAY 19, 1951! APRIL SHOWERS BRING MAY FLOWERS! THIS IS MAY, ALL RIGHT, BUT IF THERE ARE ANY FLOWERS IN KOREA YOU DON'T SEE THEM, MARINES! HOW CAN THEY LAST LONG UNDER A SHOWER SUCH AS *THIS*?

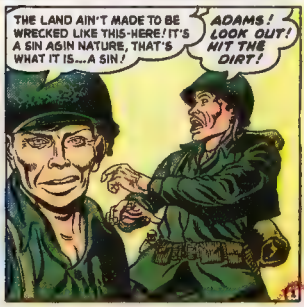
YOU NEVER REALIZED THAT WAR COULD BE LIKE THIS... YOU NEVER SAW SUCH DEVASTATION, SUCH HORROR, SUCH DEATH! ALL YOU CAN DO, MARINES, IS DUCK YOUR HEAD, GRIT YOUR TEETH AND SWEAR TO THE HIGH HEAVEN THAT...

WE'LL BE BACK!



WHAT'S YOUR TROUBLE, JOE ADAMS...? SPRING FEVER...? YOU CAN TAKE THE FARMER OUT OF THE FARM, BUT YOU CAN'T TAKE THE FARM OUT OF THE FARMER, EH? YOUR HEART IS STILL BACK IN GEORGIA ON A HUNDRED GREEN, BEAUTIFUL ACRES, AND YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT'S HAPPENING TO IT NOW! WHY WONDER, JOE? LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING TO *YOU!*


C'MON, ADAMS! WE AIN'T GOT TIME TO LOOK BACK! WE GOTTA SHUFFLE OFF TO BUFFALO, BOY!
BUT, THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE SPRING! THIS IS WHEN WE FARMERS DO OUR PLANTIN' AND PLOWIN'! WHY THE HECK DO WE-ALL GOTTA GIT MIXED UP IN THIS-HERE MESS?



TRAINING AND INSTINCT ARE WONDERFUL THINGS, ADAMS! EVEN THOUGH YOUR MIND ISN'T ON WHAT YOU'RE DOING, YOU STILL REACT... AND SAVE YOUR OWN LIFE!
BARA-BOOOOOM

ARE YOU GUYS ALL RIGHT? ANYBODY HIT HERE?
NAW! WE'RE OKAY! BUT ADAMS HERE IS TALKIN' TO HISSELF ALL THE TIME!
IT'S A SIN AN' A CRYIN' SHAME!

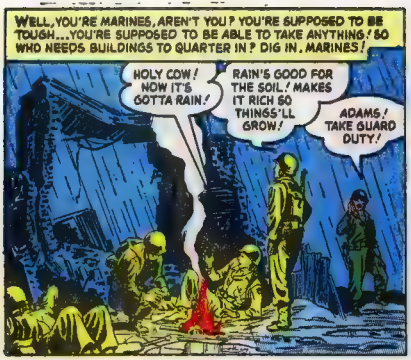
YEAH, YEAH! LIGSEN... THE REDS ARE GIVIN' US THE BIG PUSH! THEY'RE ATTACKIN' ON ALL FRONTS AN' GIVIN' US EVERYTHIN' THEY GOT! WE GOTTA GET THE HECK OUTA HERE SO WE CAN COME BACK TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY! SO DON'T GO OFF YOUR BEAMS! RETREAT IN ORDERLY FASHION! GOT THAT?
RETREAT? PHOOEY!

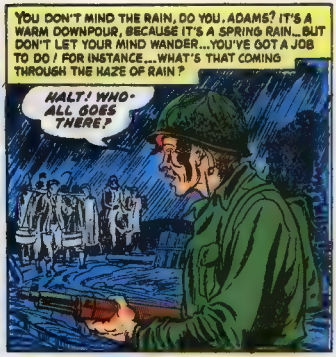
AND YOU, JOE HOFFMAN? WHAT'S YOUR STORY? DON'T YOU YEARN FOR THE BRIGHT LIGHTS OF BROADWAY... FOR THE GLITTER OF DANCING FEET?
BAA
ROOOOOM

AND THE DEAFENING APPLAUSE OF THE AUDIENCE AT THE PALACE?
MY EAR DRUMS ARE SPLITTING!

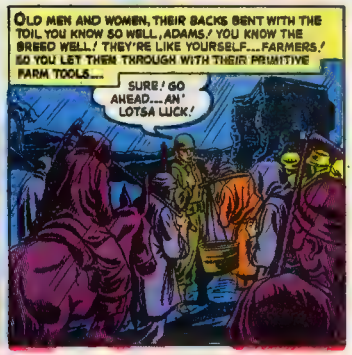
A GEORGIA FARMER AND A BROADWAY HOOFER! WHICH IS WHICH? HOW CAN YOU TELL THEM APART NOW? THEIR CLOTHES ARE THE SAME, THEIR FACES, THE WAY THEY TRUDGE THROUGH THE MUD...
YOU OKAY NOW, HOFF?
YEAH... SURE... I'M ALL RIGHT, KID!

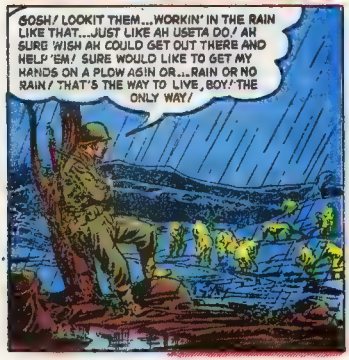
NICE GOING, SERGEANT! YOU BROUGHT YOUR OUTFIT BACK OKAY, I SEE! IT'S ALL QUIET ABOUT TWO MILES BACK IN THE VILLAGE OF SOUYON! YOU'LL BIVOUAC THERE! SORRY WE HAVE NO QUARTERS FOR YOU! THERE'S NOTHING LEFT STANDING!
YES, SIR! IT'S OKAY, SIR!


WELL, YOU'RE MARINES, AREN'T YOU? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE TOUGH... YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO TAKE ANYTHING! SO WHO NEEDS BUILDINGS TO QUARTER IN? DIG IN, MARINES!
HOLY COW! NOW IT'S GOTTA RAIN!
RAIN'S GOOD FOR THE SOIL! MAKES IT RICH SO THINGS'LL GROW!
ADAMS! TAKE GUARD DUTY!


YOU DON'T MIND THE RAIN, DO YOU, ADAMS? IT'S A WARM DOWNPOUR, BECAUSE IT'S A SPRING RAIN... BUT DON'T LET YOUR MIND WANDER... YOU'VE GOT A JOB TO DO! FOR INSTANCE... WHAT'S THAT COMING THROUGH THE HAZE OF RAIN?
HALT! WHO-ALL GOES THERE?

WELL, AH'LL BE... FARMERS, HUH?
COME TO WORK ON FARMS... THEY B'LONG US! EV'RY DAY... WE COME... YONKEES KNOW WE! WE PASS, PLEASE...?


OLD MEN AND WOMEN, THEIR BACKS BENT WITH THE TOIL YOU KNOW SO WELL, ADAMS. YOU KNOW THE BREED WELL! THEY'RE LIKE YOURSELF... FARMERS! SO YOU LET THEM THROUGH WITH THEIR PRIMITIVE FARM TOOLS...
SURE! GO AHEAD... AN' LOTSA LUCK!


GOSH! LOOKIT THEM... WORKIN' IN THE RAIN LIKE THAT... JUST LIKE AH USETA DO! AH SURE WISH AH COULD GET OUT THERE AND HELP 'EM! SURE WOULD LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON A PLOW AGIN OR... RAIN OR NO RAIN! THAT'S THE WAY TO LIVE, BOY! THE ONLY WAY!

SERGEANT! SERGEANT! GET YOUR MEN UP! THE REDS ARE ATTACKING IN FULL FORCE! WE'RE RENDEZVOUSING WITH THE SECOND DIVISION AND THIS TIME WE'VE GOT TO STOP THOSE RATS COLD OR WE'RE NOT GONNA LIVE TO TELL ABOUT IT! SO UP AND AT 'EM, BOY!
YES, SIR!

WELL, WHAT THE HECK, MARINES! YOU HAD A HALF-HOUR'S REST, DIDN'T YOU? BESIDES, IT WASN'T COMFORTABLE TRYING TO SLEEP IN THAT RAIN!
RISE AND SHINE!
HERE WE GO AGAIN...FRESH AS DAISIES!
YOU! ADAMS! SNAP OUTA IT! WE'RE MOVIN'! COME ON!
YEAH... OKAY!
FUNNY PEOPLE, THESE KOREANS! A WAR IS GUSTIN' ALL AROUND 'EM AND THEY STILL KEEP ON WITH THEIR WORK LIKE NUTHIN' WAS HAPPENIN'! GOTTA HAND IT TO 'EM!
FALL IN! FALL IN!
LOOK BEHIND YOU, ADAMS! LOOK AT YOUR FRIENDS, THE "FARMERS"! SEE WHAT THEY TAKE FROM UNDERNEATH THE FOLDS OF THEIR CLOTHING! LOOK, ADAMS, LOOK!
HIT THE DIRT!
RAT-TA-TATATATATAT
THE...THE FARMERS!
FARMERS, NOTHIN'! THEY'RE REDS!
RA A-TA TAT-TATATA-TA-TATATAT
AH LET 'EM THROUGH! AN TRUSTED 'EM! THIS IS MY FAULT!
SHUT UP, ADAMS, AND GET TO WORK!
YOU GET... AH'LL GET TO WORK!
4

YOU-ALL AIN'T MAKIN' NO MONKEY OUT A THIS-HERE GEORGIA BOY, YA DIRTY RATS!
C'MON! WE CAN'T LET HIM DO ALL THE WORK! ROLL, MARINES, ROLL!
BUT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A NICE PEACEFUL FARMER, ADAMS! WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE'S THE FARMER?
SNEAKIN' UP ON ME! MAKIN' OUT LIKE YOU-ALL WAS MY BUDDIES! PRETENDIN' LIKE YOU-ALL WAS MAH KIND! AH'LL SHOW YA! AH'LL SHOW YA!
KRACK
RATAT
THAT'S ENOUGH, ADAMS! STOP SHOOTIN'! THEY'RE DEAD!
NO! THEY AIN'T, THERE'S LOTS MORE OF 'EM BACK IN THE HILLS! THOUSANDS OF 'EM!
WE GOTTA STOP 'EM ALL! WE GOTTA STOP LETTIN' 'EM MAKE MONKEYS OUT A US! WE BEEN KICKED AROUND LONG ENOUGH ... WHAT THE HECK ARE WE ... MICE OR MARINES?
LET'S GO!
YOU HEARD HIM! WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?
YOU WERE ONLY ONE, ADAMS ... BUT THERE ARE MANY THOUSANDS LIKE YOU, FIGHTING MAD, SICK AND TIRED OF GETTING PUSHED AROUND! THEY WERE WITH YOU ALL THE WAY DOWN THE LINE ... AND THAT'S HOW THE LAST BIG RED ARMY DRIVE WAS STOPPED COLD!
BUT YOU AND THE OTHERS DIDN'T KNOW THAT THEN! ALL YOU KNEW WAS THAT YOU WERE IN A WAR ... AND THAT THIS WAS ... THE CHARGE!

APPEAR SLIMMER INSTANTLY!

With the Amazing TUMMY FLATTENING COMMANDER

INTERLOCKING HANDS OF FIRM SUPPORT*

Only $2.98

Test now how you'll feel wearing the COMMANDER this way: clasp hands across the abdomen as shown and press up and in. Feel good? Protruding stomach held in? That's how you'll look and feel when you put on the COMMANDER. No leg bands, buckles, straps or laces Changeable crotch piece.

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SEND NO MONEY! Convince yourself. See the amazing difference with your own eyes. Try the appearance reducing COMMANDER at our expense. If not delighted with the immediate results, return in 10 days for immediate refund. Sent in Plain Wrapper by Return Mail. Don't wait! Act NOW!

*TRADE MARK REG U S PATENT OFFICE

WARD GREEN CO., Dept. P 277
113 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Rush COMMANDER on approval in Plain Wrapper by Return Mail. I'll pay postman $2.98 plus postage. If not delighted with immediate results, I may return in 10 days for immediate refund. (Special Large Sizes 48 to 60—$3.98.)

MY WAIST MEASURE IS.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone....State.....

☐ I enclose $2.98 (or $3.98 for sizes 48 to 60) Ward Green Co. pays postage. Same refund offer holds.

☐ Also send.....extra crotch pieces. (75¢ each, 3 for $2.00.)

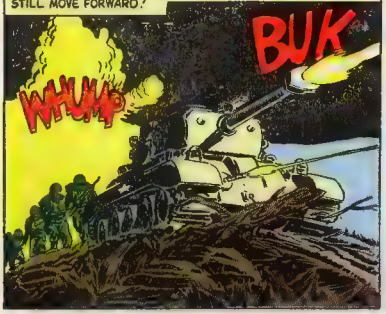
IT'S TIME! TIME FOR GETTING EVEN! TIME FOR AVENGING THE DEAD WHO ONCE FOUGHT AT YOUR SIDE! TIME FOR YOU TO MOVE FORWARD INSTEAD OF BACKWARD! TIME FOR THE MARINES TO STRIKE BACK! TIME FOR...

THE CHARGE!

WHAT'S RIGHT, GYRENES! GET MAD! GET GOOD AND FIGHTING MAD! THIS IS NO TIME FOR DILLY-DALLYING!
CIVILIZED MAN HAS COME FAR IN THE CENTURIES OF PROGRESS...BUT NOW IT'S TIME TO DROP THE SHACKLES OF HUMANNESS IN ORDER TO PROTECT THAT PROGRESS! THE ENEMY IS BEFORE YOU! IT'S HIM...OR YOU! SO...GET SET...!
JERRY ROBINSON

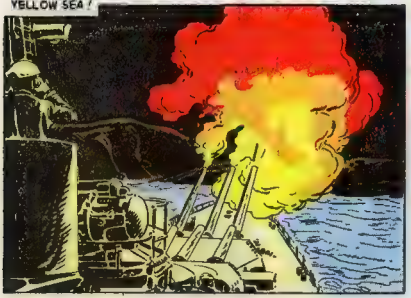
PINELLI! YOU WERE NEVER IN A GAME AS BIG AS THIS, WERE YOU? THIS IS THE BIGGEST, BOY, THE BIGGEST! AND IT'S TIME TO PLAY YOUR BEST!
WICGOWSKI! THERE WAS NO PLACE FOR YOU IN THE WORLD OF PEACE! BUT YOU FOUND A PLACE HERE, AND HERE IS WHERE YOU BELONG!
ADAMS! HOFFMAN! YOU COME FROM DIFFERENT WORLDS! ONE LOVES THE FIELDS AND THE SKY...THE OTHER, THE ARTIFICIAL GLITTER OF BRIGHT LIGHTS! BUT YOU'RE TOGETHER NOW AND NOTHING ELSE COUNTS!

You've come far together! Chonan, Kumchon, Taejon, Pohang! You've seen men die beside you... but you four still move forward!

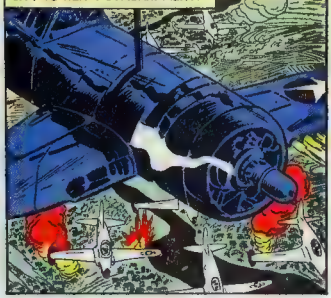


Four guys named Joe! That's all you have in common... that, and the fact that you're Marines! For the irony of it all is that you don't like each other! Your worlds are poles apart! Were this peacetime, you'd have traveled paths completely separate from one another... but this is Korea... and this is War!

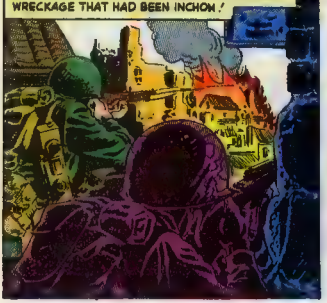
You don't know it, but others are fighting this war too! For this is September... and American and British cruisers and destroyers of Task Force 77 are shelling Inchon from the Yellow Sea!



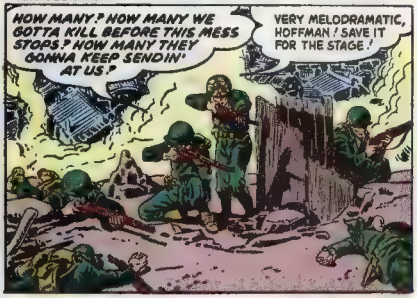
Overhead zoom 350 planes which include many Navy Corsairs and jets, subjecting the red city to heavy bombardment!



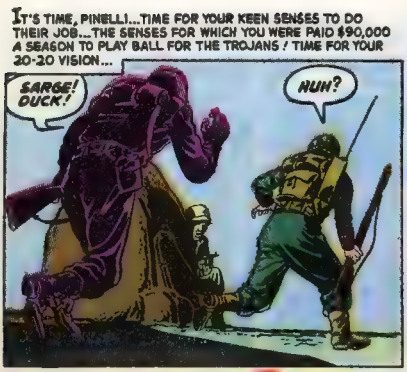
It's 6 A.M., September 15, and 23,000 troops of the 8th Army and 1st Marine Division and the 10th Army land in the rubble and smoking wreckage that had been Inchon!



The great assault had begun... by land, sea and air! But you joes, fighting for square inches of precious, rocky earth knew nothing of this! You were too busy with your own particular war!

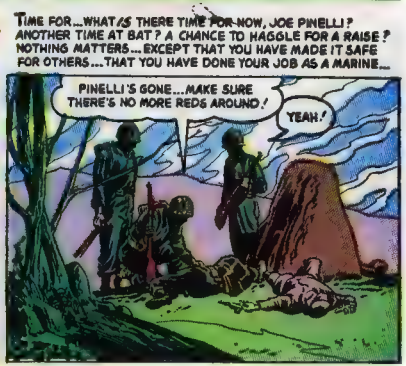

HOW MANY? HOW MANY WE GOTTA KILL BEFORE THIS MESS STOPS? HOW MANY THEY GONNA KEEP SENDIN' AT US?
VERY MELODRAMATIC, HOFFMAN! SAVE IT FOR THE STAGE!

I TOLD YA ONCE AND I TOLD YA A HUNDRED TIMES... LAY OFFA ME, SARGE! STRIPES OR NO STRIPES, I'LL BOP YA ONE! AT LEAST I DIDN'T NEED A WAR TO PUT ME TO WORK, YA THICK-HEADED SLOB!
I GOT PITY ON YA OR I'D LEARN YA NOT TA TALK TO ME LIKE THAT! BUT HOW KIN YA HIT A GUY WHO DANCES FER A LIVIN'? IT'D BE LIKE TAKING A POKE AT A GIRL!
AW, PIPE DOWN! AIN'T WE GOT ENOUGH TROUBLE WITH THE REDS, WITHOUT FIGHTING AMONG OURSELVES?
YEAH! WHY DON'T YOU-ALL PLAY NICE-LIKE?
STUCK WITH A BUNCH OF CHOWDER-HEADS, PRIMA DONNAS, ALL OF YA! BIG SHOT BALL PLAYER, VAUDEVILLE HAM! FARMER! WHY DIDN'T THEY GIVE ME MEN?
SARGEY-WARGEY, THE CAPTAIN WANTS TO SEE YA!
YES, SIR!
CHATTING WITH YOUR MEN, SERGEANT? NICE GOING. IF YOU HAVE NUTHIN' ELSE TO DO... BUT I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU'RE KEPT BUSY! I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU!
I WANT YOU TO WORK RECON! TAKE THREE MEN... THE BEST YOU HAVE, AND SCOUT THE AREA AHEAD! WE'RE DUE TO DO PUSH-UPS PRETTY SOON AND I WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S COOKING UP THERE!
THE BEST YOU'VE GOT, SERGEANT! NOW, WHO COULD THAT BE? THE BALL PLAYER? THE HAM? THE FARMER? WHO ELSE? YOU BEEF AT THEM, BUT YOU KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT THEM... SO YOU START OUT INTO THE UNKNOWN REGION AHEAD, TAILED BY THESE GUYS WHO HATE YOUR GUTS!
TRYIN' TO GET US KILLED, HUH? WHY DIDN'T YA PICK SOME OTHER SUCKERS?
YEAH! GUYS LIKE YER-SELF WHO LIKE THIS WORK!
KEEP YER TRAPS SHUT AND YER EYES AND EARS OPEN! SEE ANYTHING?
NUTHIN'!

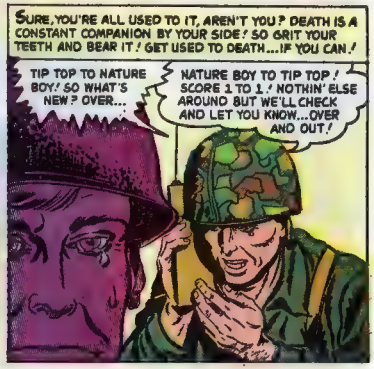

IT'S TIME, PINELLI...TIME FOR YOUR KEEN SENSES TO DO THEIR JOB...THE SENSES FOR WHICH YOU WERE PAID $90,000 A SEASON TO PLAY BALL FOR THE TROJANS! TIME FOR YOUR 20-20 VISION...
SARGE! DUCK!
HUH?

TIME FOR YOUR BLINDING SPEED...
A RED! WHERE'D HE...

TIME FOR YOUR SHARP ACCURACY...
AAGGH!
BOK
KRACK


TIME FOR...WHAT'S THERE TIME FOR NOW, JOE PINELLI? ANOTHER TIME AT BAT? A CHANCE TO HAGGLE FOR A RAISE? NOTHING MATTERS...EXCEPT THAT YOU HAVE MADE IT SAFE FOR OTHERS...THAT YOU HAVE DONE YOUR JOB AS A MARINE...
PINELLI'S GONE...MAKE SURE THERE'S NO MORE REDS AROUND!
YEAH!

BUT THE RED YOU KILLED WAS A LONER, PINELLI...BUT HE'S NO LONGER ALONE NOW! HE'S GOT YOU...AND YOU'VE GOT HIM! THE OTHERS GO ON WITHOUT YOU!
ONE MINUTE...HE WAS THERE...TALKING TO US...THE NEXT, HE'S DEAD!
LAY OFF, ADAMS! AIN'T YA USED TO IT YET?

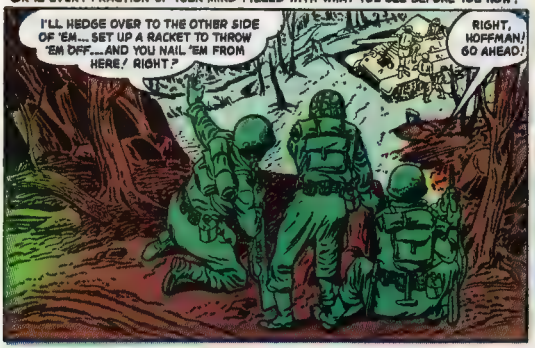

SURE, YOU'RE ALL USED TO IT, AREN'T YOU? DEATH IS A CONSTANT COMPANION BY YOUR SIDE! SO GRIT YOUR TEETH AND BEAR IT! GET USED TO DEATH...IF YOU CAN!
TIP TOP TO NATURE BOY! SO WHAT'S NEW? OVER...
NATURE BOY TO TIP TOP! SCORE 1 TO 1! NOTHIN' ELSE AROUND BUT WE'LL CHECK AND LET YOU KNOW...OVER AND OUT!

How about you, Hoffman? Your mother didn't bring you up to be a soldier, did she? What mother *did* want her son to carry a Garand? Well, what *did* she bring you up for?

To tap dance your way across the world's stages? To dress in colorful clothes? To bow to the plaudits of the crowds? Is that what you're thinking now?

And how about a certain babe you called Dolly? You once thought that she was all that mattered to you? How far away is all that now, Joe? Is *that* what you're thinking?

Or is every fraction of your mind filled with what you see before you now?



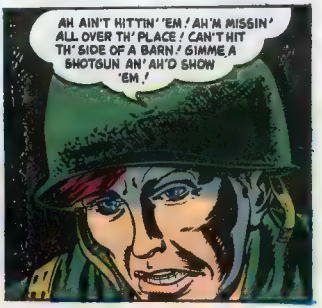
They used to call you light on your feet, Hoffman! They didn't come any better than you when it came to plain and fancy footwork...

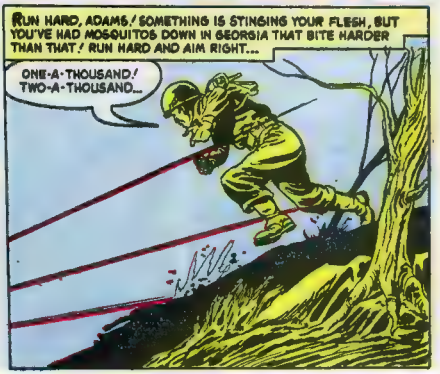
Watch out, Joe! There's no encore if you lay an egg in this act...

Get behind that rock! Move fast... 'cause they're moving faster!

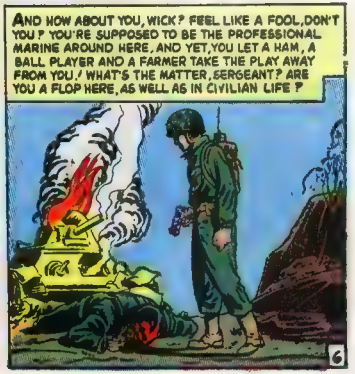
What are you thinking now? That it worked... that you distracted them from the other Joes?

HOW ABOUT IT, ADAMS? HOFFMAN AND PINELLI DIED SO THAT YOU COULD DO YOUR JOB AFTER THEM. BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU'RE A FARMER, JOE! THIS ISN'T YOUR LINE AT ALL!




RUN HARD, ADAMS! SOMETHING IS STINGING YOUR FLESH, BUT YOU'VE HAD MOSQUITOS DOWN IN GEORGIA THAT BITE HARDER THAN THAT! RUN HARD AND AIM RIGHT...
ONE-A-THOUSAND! TWO-A-THOUSAND...

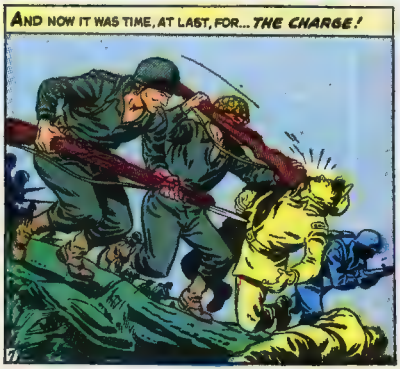
YOU GET CLOSE ENOUGH, JOE...SO CLOSE THAT THE EXPLOSION KICKED BACK RIGHT IN YOUR FACE...BUT, AT LEAST, YOU DID WHAT YOU SET OUT TO DO!


AND HOW ABOUT YOU, WICK? FEEL LIKE A FOOL, DON'T YOU? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE PROFESSIONAL MARINE AROUND HERE, AND YET, YOU LET A HAM, A BALL PLAYER AND A FARMER TAKE THE PLAY AWAY FROM YOU! WHAT'S THE MATTER, SERGEANT? ARE YOU A FLOP HERE, AS WELL AS IN CIVILIAN LIFE?

WELL, AT LEAST YOU KNOW HOW TO CONTACT HQ.! YOU KNOW HOW TO DO THAT, DON'T YOU?
NATURE BOY TO TIP TOP! ALL CLEAR HERE! YOU CAN COME ON IN... THE WATER'S FINE... OVER AND OUT!

YOU SEE THE FLASH BEFORE YOU FEEL ANYTHING, AND IT COMES AS A SURPRISE! BUT THE NEXT INSTANT YOU KNOW THIS IS HOW IT HAS TO BE...
CRACK

FOUR GUYS NAMED JOE... DEAD SO THAT THE MARINES CAN STRIKE BACK... DEAD SO THAT OTHER JOES CAN WORK FARMS, PLAY BALL, AND ENTERTAIN A NATION OF OTHER JOES...

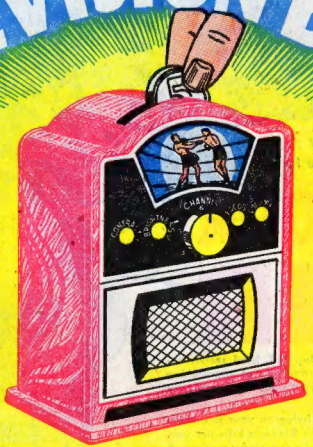


THE CHARGE THAT SWEEPS PAST THE STILL AND THE DEAD WHO HAD MADE THIS CHARGE POSSIBLE! FOR THE LIVING IT IS TIME FOR BATTLE AND VICTORY! FOR FOUR GUYS NAMED JOE, IT IS... **THE END**

THE SHOW'S ON, GANG!

New! Super-Duper! Simply Terrific!

TELEVISION BANK



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- HITS EVERY TELEVISION HIGH . . . FIGHTS AND ALL!
- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- AND . . . MAKES YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!

ALL-STEEL CONSTRUCTION

ONLY $1.98

COMPLETE WITH BATTERY AND BULB!

Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new midget wonder!

LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COIN! Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up —in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE! Whether you go for "sowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE! When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all — a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY" — AND FAST! Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see — you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

IT'S A HONEY — IN EVERY DETAIL! You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, 4¾" x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

. . . BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL NEW TELEVISION BANK!

SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY!

NEWEST DECORATOR'S NOTE TO ALL DOLL HOUSE OWNERS!

Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the last work in elegance—matches all styles of furniture—makes a stunning addition to your dolls' living room! You'll love it, and so will all your friends!

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SEAGEE CO., Dept. 4 BH
2 Allen Street, New York 2, N. Y.

☐ Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman $1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name _____

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☐ I enclose $2.00 You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.

KILL THESE HAIR-DESTROYING GERMS WITH WARD'S FORMULA

NOTHING, *Absolutely nothing known to Science can do more to*

SAVE YOUR HAIR

SCALP ITCH
FALLING HAIR
DANDRUFF
HEAD ODORS
Proof!
We get letters like these every day from grateful men and women all over the world.

Beware of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head odors! Nature may be warning you of approaching baldness. Heed Nature's warning! Treat your scalp to scientifically prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble-breeding bacteria, living on your sick scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but *all four* types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk letting them kill your hair growth.

ENJOY THESE 5 BENEFITS IMMEDIATELY

1. Kills these 4 types of germs that retard normal hair growth—*on contact*
2. Removes ugly infectious dandruff—*fast*
3. Brings hair-nourishing blood to scalp—*quickly*
4. Stops annoying scalp itch and burn—*instantly*
5. Starts wonderful self-massaging action—*within 3 seconds*

Once you're bald, that's *it*, friends! There's nothing you can do. Your hair is gone forever. So are your chances of getting it back. But Ward's Formula, used as directed, keeps your sick scalp free of itchy dandruff, seborrhea, and stops the hair loss they cause. Almost at once your hair looks thicker, more attractive and alive.

We don't ask you to believe *us*. Thousands of men and women—first skeptical just as you are—have *proved* what we say. Read *their* grateful letters. Study the guarantee—it's *better* than a free trial! Then try Ward's Formula at *our* risk. Use it for only 10 short days. You must enjoy *all* the benefits we claim—or we return not only the price you pay—but DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK. You be the judge! ©Ward Laboratories Inc., 1430 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

TO SAVE YOUR HAIR ACT NOW

Send coupon today for 10-day offer. Send No Money

I must admit I didn't have much faith in it, but I hadn't been using Ward's one week before I could see it was helping me. I could feel my hair getting thicker.
E. K., Cleveland, Ohio

Out of all the Hair Experts I went to, I've gotten the most help from one bottle of Ward's Formula.
C. La M., Philadelphia, Pa.

After using Ward's for only 12 days, my hair has stopped falling out.
R. W. C., Cicero, Ill.

I am tickled to death with the results. In just two weeks' time—no *dandruff!* *W. T. W., Portola, Cal.*

I feel encouraged to say that the infuriating scalp itch which has bothered me for 5 years is now gone.
J. M. K., Columbus, Ohio

Guarantee

This written guarantee entitles you not only to return of price paid for Ward's Formula, but Double Your Money Back unless you actually SEE, FEEL and ENJOY all benefits herein claimed in only ten days. The test is at our risk. All you do is return unused portion or the empty bottle unless completely satisfied.

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Rush Ward's Formula to me at once. I will pay postman two dollars plus postage. I must be completely satisfied within 10 days, or you GUARANTEE refund of DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK upon return of bottle and unused portion.

Name .....

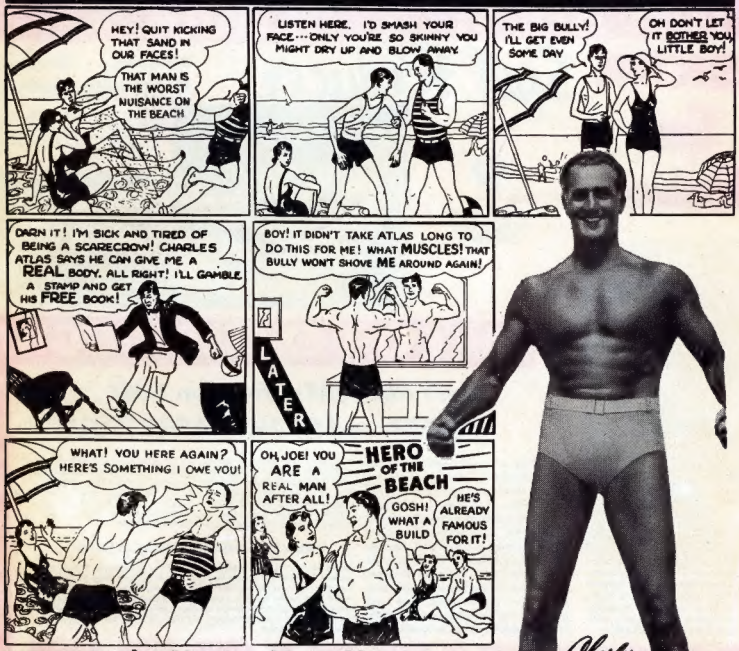
Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

☐ **Check here if you enclose $2.00 with order, and we will pay postage. Same refund offer holds, of course.** *APO, FPO, Canada & Foreign add 50¢; no COD's.*

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

HOW JOE'S BODY BROUGHT HIM FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME


HEY! QUIT KICKING THAT SAND IN OUR FACES!
THAT MAN IS THE WORST NUISANCE ON THE BEACH
LISTEN HERE, I'D SMASH YOUR FACE···ONLY YOU'RE SO SKINNY YOU MIGHT DRY UP AND BLOW AWAY.
THE BIG BULLY! I'LL GET EVEN SOME DAY
OH DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU, LITTLE BOY!
DARN IT! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING A SCARECROW! CHARLES ATLAS SAYS HE CAN GIVE ME A REAL BODY. ALL RIGHT! I'LL GAMBLE A STAMP AND GET HIS FREE BOOK!
BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE ATLAS LONG TO DO THIS FOR ME! WHAT MUSCLES! THAT BULLY WON'T SHOVE ME AROUND AGAIN!
LATER
WHAT! YOU HERE AGAIN? HERE'S SOMETHING I OWE YOU!
OH, JOE! YOU ARE A REAL MAN AFTER ALL!
HERO OF THE BEACH
GOSH! WHAT A BUILD
HE'S ALREADY FAMOUS FOR IT!

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! *"Dynamic Tension."* That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using *"Dynamic Tension"* only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—*FREE*. It tells all about *"Dynamic Tension,"* shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. **60U** 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 60 U,
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of *"Dynamic Tension"* will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....Zone No. (if any).....State.....

Reducing Specialist Says: **LOSE WEIGHT** Where It Shows Most **REDUCE** MOST ANY PART OF THE BODY WITH

ELECTRIC Spot Reducer

Spot Reducer

Relaxing • Soothing Penetrating Massage

FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage use spot REDUCER with or without electricity—Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.

UNDERWRITERS LABORATORY APPROVED

Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and turkish baths—MASSAGE!

TAKE OFF EXCESS WEIGHT!

Don't Stay FAT—You Can LOSE POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY Without Risking HEALTH

LIKE a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME

When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains —and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts. Underwriters Laboratory approved.

MAIL THIS 10 DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW!

TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Mail this coupon with only $1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postman $8.95 plus delivery—or send $9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. MAIL COUPON now!

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAIL COUPON NOW!

SPOT REDUCER CO., Dept. E-813
318 Market St., Newark, N. J.

Please send me the Spot Reducer for 10 days trial period. I enclose $1. Upon arrival I will pay postman only $8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

☐ SAVE POSTAGE—check here if you enclose $9.95 with coupon. We pay all postage and handling charges. Same money back guarantee applies.

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ALSO USE IT FOR ACHES AND PAINS

CAN'T SLEEP:

Relax with electric Spot Reducer. See how soothing its gentle massage can be. Helps you sleep when massage can be of benefit.

MUSCULAR ACHES:

A handy helper for transient relief of discomforts that can be aided by gentle, relaxing massage.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

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Thousands have lost weight this way — in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, necks, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room.

ORDER IT TODAY!